

Tchaikovsky

Was Peter Ilyich  
a sexy sonofabitch?

Doing away with himself thus  
covering a fatally queer mess?

Or did he swig--more likely--  
polluted water? Oh well, booze

and nicotine and compulsive  
wandering rip in. Plus what is  
noted depression today. And,

oh yeah, he wrote music  
that one critic quipped  
held stink you can hear.

That latter more often closer  
to roses--and applause. So, on

balance, a surpassing romantic  
composer. As for all the rest,  
who has a skin thick enough?

*God rest him  
all road ever  
he offended.*